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THE
P L E A S U R E S
OF
I M A G I N A T I O N.

A POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

By Dr. Akenſide.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE
ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

A POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

By Dr. Airmiſtrong.

ODIORNE's EDITION.

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T H E D E S I G N.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which seem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception. They have been called by a very general name, THE POWERS OF IMAGINATION. Like to the external senses, they relate to matter and motion; and at the same time, give the mind ideas analogous to those of moral approbation and dislike. As they are the inlets of some of the most exquisite pleasures we are acquainted with; men of warm and sensible tempers have sought means to recal the delightful perceptions they afford, independent of the objects which originally produced them. This gave rise to the imitative or designing arts; some of which, like painting and sculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, like music and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by signs universally established and understood.

But these arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were naturally led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers; especially poetry, which making use of language as the instrument by which it imitates, is consequently become an unlimited representative of every species and mode of being. Yet as their primary intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character, and all the different pleasures they excite, are termed in general, PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

The

The design of the following poem is to give a view of these, in their largest acception of the term; so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind which are here established and explained.

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the imagination from our other faculties, and then to characterize those original forms or properties of being about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyse every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides this, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a similar exhibition of properties quite foreign to the imagination; insomuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of pleasure; especially that from the passions, which as it is supreme in the noblest works of human genius, so being in some particulars not a little surprizing, gave an opportunity
to

to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing a piece of machinery to account for the appearance.

After these parts of the subject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature, that from ridicule, came next to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of stile became necessary; such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject; nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock-heroic, or the familiar and pointed raillery of professed satire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illustrate some particular pleasures which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early associations of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects described. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and the secondary pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their

imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the design is closed with some reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that antient and simple one of the first Grecian poets as it is refined by Virgil in the *Georgics*, and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages: It admits of a greater variety of stile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured stile. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that mean insensibly dispose the minds of men to the same dignity of taste in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the author of nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on, and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the meer external objects of good taste; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have
also

also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject; but since they bear an obvious relation to it the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves he makes no apology.



ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The Ideas of the divine Mind, the Origin of every quality pleasing to the Imagination. The natural variety of Constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause. The Idea of a fine Imagination, and the state of the Mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary Pleasures of imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connection of Beauty with Truth and Good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the Study of moral Philosophy. The different degrees of Beauty in different species of objects. Colour. Shape. Natural concretes. Vegetables. Animals. The Mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the Imagination and the moral Faculty Conclusion.

T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.

B O O K F I R S T:

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent FANCY! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where SHAKESPEAR lies, be present; and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wasting ten thousand colours through the air,
And, by the glances of her magic eye,
Combining each in endless, fairy forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend,

And.

Of musical &c.] The word musical is here taken in its original and most extensive import; comprehending as well the pleasures we receive from the beauty or magnificence of natural objects, as those which arise from poetry, painting, music, or any other of the elegant imaginative arts. In which sense it has been already used in our language by writers of unquestionable authority.

And join this festive train ? for with thee comes
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
 Majestic Truth ; and where truth deigns to come,
 Her sister Liberty will not be far.
 Be present all ye Genii who conduct
 The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard,
 New to your springs and shades ; who touch his ear
 With finer sounds ; who heighten to his eye
 The bloom of nature, and before him turn
 The gayest, happiest attitudes of things.

Of! have the laws of each poetic strain
 The critic verse employ'd ; yet still unsung
 Lay this prime subject, though importing most
 A poet's name ; for fruitless is the attempt
 By dull obedience and the curb of rules,
 For creeping toil to climb the hard ascent
 Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
 Must fire the chosen genius ; nature's hand
 Must point the path, and imp his eagle wings
 Exulting o'er the painful steep to soar
 High as the summit ; there to breath at large
 Ætherial air ; with bards and sages old,
 Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes
 To this neglected labour court my song ;
 Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
 To paint the finest features of the mind,

And

Yet not unconscious.] Lucret. l. 2. v. 921
 Nec me animi fallit quam sint obscura, sed acri
 Percussit thyrsos laudis spes magna meum cor,
 Et simul incussit suavem mi in pectus amorem
 Musarum ; quo nunc instinctus mente vigenti
 Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
 Trita solo ; juvat integros accedere fonteis,
 Atque haurire ; juvatque novos discerpere flores
 Insignem meo capiti petere inde coronam,
 Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.

And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,
Thro' secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From heaven my strains begin, from heaven de-
The flame of genius to the human breast, [scends
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprung from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe;
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the eternal ONE; then deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd at large
The uncreated images of things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling globe,
And wisdom's form celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration; till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wise intent

The

The hand of nature on peculiar minds
 Imprints a diff'rent byass, and to each
 Decrees its province in the common toil.
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heaven; to some she gave
 To weigh the moment of eternal things,
 Of time and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
 And will's quick impulse; others by the hand
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
 Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
 In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
 Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 To these the fire omnipotent unfolds
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read
 The transcript of himself. On every part
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand;
 In earth, or air, the meadows purple stores,
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
 That uncreated beauty, which delights
 The mind supreme. They also feel her charms;
 Enamour'd, they partake the eternal joy.

As Memnon's marble harp, renown'd of old
 By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
 Of Titan's rays, with each repulsive string
 Consenting,

As Memnon's marble harp.] The statue of Memnon, so famous in antiquity, stood in the temple of Serapis at Thebes, one of the great cities of old Egypt. It was a very hard, iron-like stone, and according to Juvenal, held in its hand a lyre, which
 being

Consenting, founded thro' the warbling air
 Unbidden strains; even so did nature's hand
 To certain species of external things,
 Attune the finer organs of the mind;
 So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
 Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
 The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
 Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
 From nerve to nerve; all naked and alive
 They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
 At length discloses every tuneful spring,
 To that harmonious movement from without,
 Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
 Diffuses its enchantment; fancy dreams
 Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
 And vales of bliss; the intellectual power
 Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
 And smiles; the passions gently sooth'd away,
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
 Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
 As airs that fan the summer. O, attend,
 Who'er thou art whom these delights can touch,
 Whose candid bosom the refining love
 Of nature warms, O listen to my song;
 And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
 With love and admiration thus inflame

B

The

being touched by the sun beams, emitted a distinct and agreeable sound. Tacitus mentions it as one of the particular curiosities which Germanicus took notice of in his journey through Egypt; and Strabo affirms that he, with many others, heard it.

The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
 Three sister graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue confesses; the sublime,
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
 But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
 In sight of mortal and immortal powers,

As

Say why was man &c.] In apologizing for the frequent negligence of the sublimest authors of Greece, those godlike geniuses, says Longinus, were well assured that nature had not intended man for a low spirited or ignoble being; but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any man cast his eye through the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and
 grand

As on a boundless theatre to run
 The great career of justice ; to exalt
 His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds ;
 To shake each partial purpose from his breast ;
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
 And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain
 To hold his course unfault'ring, while the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
 The applauding smile of heaven ? Else wherefore
 In mortal bosoms, this unquenched hope [burns,
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession ? wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardor to embrace
 Majestic forms ? impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might ;
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;
 Proud to be daring ? Who but rather turns
 To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
 Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame ?
 Who that, from Alpine heights his lab'ring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon to survey
 The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful tide
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with
 And continents of sand ; will turn his gaze [shade,
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet ? The high born soul
 Disdains to rest her heaven aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft

Thro'

grand objects, he will soon acknowledge for what
 enjoyments and pursuits we were destined. Thus
 by the very propensity of nature we are led to ad-
 mire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however
 clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Danube, and
 much more than all, the Ocean, &c. Longin. de
 Sublim. §. xxxiv.

Thro' fields of air ; pursues the flying storm ;
 Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heavens ;
 Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
 The blue profound, and hovering o'er the sun
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light ; beholds his unrelenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
 She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets ; thro' its burning signs
 Exulting circles the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
 The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
 Beyond this concave, heaven their calm abode ;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
 Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
 She meditates the eternal depth below ;

Till

The empyreal waste.] Ne se peut-il point qu'il y a un grand espace audela de la region des etoiles ? Que ce soit le ciel empyree, ou non, toujours cet espace immense qui environne toute cette region, pourra etre rempli de bonheur & de gloire. Il pourra etre conquis comme l'ocean, ou se rendent les rivières de toutes les creatures bienheureuses, quand elles seront venues a leur perfection dans le systeme des etoiles. Leibnitz dans la Theodicee, part i. § 19.

Whose unfading light, &c.] It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light shall not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Till, half recoiling, down the headlong sleep
 She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
 That not in humble or in brief delight,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,
 Powers purple robes, or pleasure's flow'ry lap
 The soul should find enjoyment ; but from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Thro' all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till every bound at length should disappear,
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high, capacious powers
 Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond
 The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
 Of nature to perfection half divine,
 Expand the blooming soul ? What pity then
 Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
 Her tender blossom ; choak the streams of life,
 And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd
 Almighty wisdom ; nature's happy cares
 The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
 To brisker measures ; witness the neglect
 Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld

B 2

With

-----the neglect

Of all familiar prospects, &c.] It is here said, that
 in consequence of the love of novelty, objects which
 at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose that
 effect by repeated attention to them. But the in-
 fluence of habit is opposed to this observation ; for
 there objects at first distasteful are in time render'd
 intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The

With transport once ; the fond, attentive gaze
 Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal
 Of age, commetting on prodigious things,
 For such, the bounteous providence of heaven

In

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider, that when objects at first agreeable, lose that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly passive and the perception involuntary ; but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes choice and activity accompanying it ; so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's conscious determination of its own activity ; and consequently increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination,

It will still be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with disagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to resolve or act at all. In this case, the appearance must be accounted for, one of these ways.

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gave uneasiness ; this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar ; and the mind finding it at last intirely removed, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The dislike conceived of the object at first, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Consequently the mind being necessitated to review it often, may at length percieve its own mistake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with aversion. In which case, a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or lastly, tho' the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure

or

In every breast implanting this desire
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
 With unremitted labour to pursue
 Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
 In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
 To paint its power? For this the daring youth
 Breaks from his mother's weeping anxious arms,
 In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
 Heedless of sleep or midnight's harmful damp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with inchaunted step,
 The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,
 From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night
 The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
 Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,

And

or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remembered without those pleasing circumstances attending it; by which means the disagreeable impression it at first occasioned will in time be quite obliterated.

————— *this desire*
Of objects new and strange----] These two ideas are oft confounded; tho' it is evident the mere novelty of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of wonder; whereas wonder indeed always implies novelty, being never excited by common or well known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause, the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of nature; and on this account it is natural to treat of them together.

And evil spirits ; of the death bed call
 To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
 The orphan's portion ; of unquiet souls
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd ; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
 At every solemn pause the croud recoil
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shiv'ring sighs ; till eager for the event,
 Around the beldam all erect they hang,
 Each trembling heart with geateful terrors quell'd.

But lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where beauty onward moving claims the verse
 Her charms inspire ; the freely flowing verse
 In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
 Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, beauty, thee,
 The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
 The mossy roofs adore ; thou, better sun !
 For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
 Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven !
 How shall I trace thy features ? where select
 The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?
 Hasten then, my song, thro' nature's wide expanse,
 Hasten then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
 Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
 To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
 With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,

And

Atlantic isles.] By these islands, which were also
 called the Fortunate, the ancients are now general-
 ly supposed to have meant the Canaries. They
 were celebrated by the poets for the mildness and
 fertility of the climate ; for the gardens of the
 daughter,

And range with him th'Hesperian field, and see,
 Where're his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
 The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
 Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters glow
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
 As with the blushes of an evening sky.
 Or wilt thou rather sloop thy vagrant plume,
 Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades,
 The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
 Reflects purpleal Tempe's pleasant scene?
 Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
 Of nymphs and fawns; where in the golden age
 They play'd in secret on the shady brink
 With ancient Pan; while round their choral steps
 Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
 Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews
 And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flow'ry store
 To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
 Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
 From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
 Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
 Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
 Intice her forth to lend her angel form
 For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
 Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
 Incline thy polish'd forehead; let thy eyes
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside
 The radiant locks, dissolving as it bends
 With airy softness from the marble neck
 The cheek fair blooming, and the rosy lip

Where

daughters of Hesperus, the brother of Atlas; and the dragon which constantly watched their golden fruit, till it was slain by the Tyrian Hercules.

Where gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades.]
 Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, transformed into a laurel.

Where winning smiles and pleasure sweet as love,
 With sanctity and wisdom, temp'ring blend
 Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
 Of nature, and her kind parental care,
 Worthier I'd sing; then all the enamour'd youth,
 With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
 Should throng attentive, while I point on high
 Where beauty's living image, like the morn
 That wakes in zephyr's arms the blushing May,
 Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
 Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd,
 Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
 To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
 And each cœrulean sister of the flood
 With fond acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
 To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
 Of youths and virgins, who thro' all the maze
 Of young desire with rival steps pursue
 This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words,
 I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
 Of superstition dress'd in wisdom's garb,
 To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
 To bid the jealous thund'rer fire the heavens
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth
 To fright you from your joys; my chearful song
 With better omens calls you to the field;
 Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chase
 And warm as you. Then tell me, for you know,
 Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
 And active use are strangers? Is her charm
 Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
 Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
 This awful stamp the herald of a lye;
 To hide the shame of discord and disease,
 And catch with far hypocrisy the heart
 Of idle faith? O no! with better cares,

Th' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
 By this illustrious image, in each kind
 Still more illustrious where the object holds
 Its native power's most perfect, she by this
 Illumes the headlong impulse of desire,
 And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
 Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
 Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
 The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to taste,
 And every charm of animated things,
 Are only pledges of a state sincere,
 Th' integrity and order of their frame,
 When all is well within, and every end
 Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven
 The lovely ministrers of truth and good
 In this dark world : for truth and good are one,
 And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth ! would you dissolve the tie ?
 O wherefore,

————— *Truth and good are one,
 And beauty dwells in them, &c.]* “ Do you
 “ imagine, *says Socrates to his libertine disciple*, that
 “ what is good is not also beautiful ? Have you not
 “ observed that these appearances always coincide ?
 “ Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which
 “ we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beauti-
 “ ful also in the characters of men we always join
 “ the two denominations together. The beauty of
 “ human bodies correspond in like manner, with
 “ that œconomy of parts which constitutes them good
 “ and in all the circumstances which occur in life
 “ the same object is constantly accounted both beau-
 “ tiful and good, inasmuch as it answers the pur-
 “ poses for which it was designed. Xenophon, Me-
 “ morab. Socrat. 1, 3, c, 8,

This

O wherefore, with a rash, imperfect aim,
 Seek you those flow'ry joys with which the hand
 Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once enquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
 Lo ! beauty withers in your void embrace,

And

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy ; See the *Characteristics*, vol ii, p, 399, & vol, 3, p, 181. And his most ingenious disciple has particularly shewn that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue ; Treat. 1, §, 8. As to the connection between beauty and truth, there are two Opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which all rational beings must alike perceive beauty in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary. And this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that beauty is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of truth.

But there are others who believe beauty to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing ; that indeed it was a benevolent design in nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are *best and most perfect in themselves*, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once, and without having to infer their *usefulness* from their structure and effects ; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense that two beings of equal capacities for truth, should
 perceive

And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task
 To learn the lore of undecentful good,
 And truth eternal. Tho' the pois'nous charms
 Of baleful superstition guide the feet
 Of servile numbers, thro' a dreary way
 To their abode, thro' deserts, thorns and mire ;
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
 To muse, at last, amidst the ghostly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells ;
 To walk with spectres thro' the midnight shade,
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart ;
 Yet be not you dismay'd. A gentler star
 Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
 Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
 Could my ambitious hands intertwine a wreath

C

Of

perceive, one of them beauty and the other deformity in the same relations. And upon this supposition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions, upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. *Polycletus* for instance, the famous sculptor of Sicily, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a state modell'd according to this canon. A man of mere natural taste, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its beauty ; whereas a professor of the art applies his measures to the head, the neck, or the hand, and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be just and true.

Of PLATO's olive with the Mantuan bay,
 Then should my pow'rful voice at once dispel
 These monkish horrors : then in light divine
 Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
 Of those whom nature charms, thro' blooming walks,
 Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
 Admit the train of sages, heroes, bards,
 Led by their winged genius and the choir
 Of laurell'd science and harmonious art,
 Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
 Where truth inthron'd with her celestial twins,
 'The undivided part'ners of her sway,
 With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
 Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
 Or courching to the frowns of bigot rage,
 O let not us a moment pause to join
 The godlike band.. And if the gracious power
 That first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
 Will to my invocation breathe anew
 The tuneful spirit ; then thro' all our paths,
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
 Be wanting ; whether on the rosy mead,
 When summer smiles, to warm the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements ; whither firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve
 And wake the strong divinity of soul
 That conquers chance and fate ; or weather struck
 For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
 Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
 To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise ;
 To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
 And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
 Adventurous, to delineate nature's form ;
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
 Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene

In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
 Thro' various being's fair proportion'd scale,
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length
 To full meridian splendour. Of degree
 The least and lowliest in effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
 And variation of determin'd shape,
 Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
 Unites this varied symmetry of parts
 With colour's bland allurements; as the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath,
 Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
 Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
 Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
 Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
 In fruit and seed prolific; thus the flowers -
 Their purple honours with the spring resume;
 And such the stately tree which autumn bends
 With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
 In nature's charm, where to the full consent
 Of complicated members, to the bloom
 Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
 Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
 And active motion speaks the temper'd soul;
 So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed
 With rival ardor beats the dusty plain,
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
 Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
 There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward shape,
 Where dawns the high expression of a mind;
 By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
 To that eternal origin, whose power,
 Thro' all the unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,

This

This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
 Mind, Mind alone, bear witness, earth and heaven!
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime; here hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd
 Celestial Venus with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never fading joy.
 Look then abroad thro' nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantinè spheres
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense;
 And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail!
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free? Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Helper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever blooming olive crowns
 The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings

Of

As when Brutus rose, &c.] Cicero himself describes this fact. Cæsar interfecit statim cruentum alte extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ciceronem nominatum exclamavit, atque ei recuperatum libertatem est gratulatus. *Bic, Philipp. 2, 12.*

Of Innocence and love protect the scene ?
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret ; view the beds
 Of min'ral treasure, and the eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean ; trace the forms
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round ; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever active flame ;
 Then to the secrets of the working mind
 Attentive turn ; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet ideal band ; and bid them, go !
 Break thro time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heavens created ; then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse ; dull their charms,
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye,
 Not so the moral species, or the powers
 Of genius and design ; the ambitious mind
 There sees herself ; by these congenial forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
 She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
 Her features in the mirror. For of all
 The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
 To truth's eternal measures ; thence to frame
 The sacred laws of action and of will,
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
 And temperance from folly. But beyond
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
 Assenting reason, the benignant fire,
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
 Has added bright imagination's rays ;

Where virtue, rising from the awful depth
 Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
 The unadorn'd condition of ideas,
 And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
 The ingenious youth whom solitude inspires
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving like a virgin muse
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
 Of harmony and wonder; while among
 The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
 To ancient honour; or in act serene,
 Yet watchful, rises the majestic sword
 Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
 Well pleas'd I follow thro' the sacred paths
 Of nature and of science; nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
 O! let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
 That smooths this vernal evening into smiles,
 I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
 Of strife and low ambition, to attend

Thy

*Where virtue rising from the awful depth
 Of truth's mysterious bosom, &c.*] According to the
 opinion of those who assert moral obligation to be
 founded on an immutable and universal law, and
 that pathetic feeling which is usually called the moral
 sense, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the
 imagination and the earliest associations of ideas.

Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
 Descend, propitious ! to my favour'd eye ;
 Such in thy mein, thy warm exalted air,
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and flung
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne ;
 And at the lightning of thy list'd spear
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
 Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
 Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
 In gentle murmurs. From the blooming store
 Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
 Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn
 My native clime : while far above the flight
 Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of antient wisdom ; while I join
 Thy name, thrice honour'd ! with th' immortal
 Of nature ; while to my compatriot youth [praise
 I point the high example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

Lyceum.] The school of Aristotle.

Academos.] The school of Plato.

Ilissus.] One of the rivers on which Athens was situated. Plato, in some of his finest dialogues lays the scene of the conversation with Socrates on its banks.

ARGUMENT.

THE separation of the works of the Imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. Prospect of their reunion under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truths. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passions. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation, with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.
B O O K S E C O N D.

WHEN shall the laurel and the vocal string
 Resume their honours? When shall we behold
 The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand
 Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
 How slow the dawn of beauty and of truth
 Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
 Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
 Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
 Oft as the gloomy north, with iron swarms
 Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves,
 Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
 Of liberty and wisdom down the gulph
 Of all devouring night. As long immur'd
 In noontide darkness by the glimm'ring lamp,
 Each muse and each fair science pin'd away
 The sordid hours; while foul, barbarian hands
 Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
 And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
 At last the muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,

And

At last the muses rose, &c.] About the age of
 Hugh Capet, the founder of the third race of French
 kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputa-
 tion; a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who
 went about the courts of princes and noblemen,
 entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry.
 They attempted both the epic ode and satire, and
 abounded

And wildly warbling scatter'd as they flew,
 Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
 To Arno's myrtle border and the shore
 Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
 Of dire ambition, and gigantic power,
 From public aims, and from the busy walk
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
 Of penetrating science to the cells,
 Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.

Thus

abounded in a wild fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. These were the rudiments of the Italian poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those that followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; such as Boiardo, Bernardo Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

Valclusa.] The famous retreat of Francesco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon.

Arno.] The river which runs by Florence, the birth place of Dante Boccaccio.

Parthenope.] Or Naples, the birth place of Sanzaro. The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

—————*the rage*

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and the abominable politics of its petty princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with papal power, entirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts, which has since been propagated over Europe.

Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
 To priestly domination and the lust
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
 In vain reluctant ; and Torquato's tongue
 Was turn'd for slavish peans at the throne
 Of tinsel pomp ; and Raphael's magic hand
 Effus'd

Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts, &c.] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For " Philosophy itself (to use the words of a philosopher) being thus severed from the sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world." So, that a gentleman of the world (says another excellent writer) cannot easily bring himself to like so austere and ungainly a form : so greatly is it charged with what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs. From this condition it cannot be recovered, but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination ; and we have had the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union with England within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the revolution, when Locke stood at the head of one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence, which the arts of persuasion give them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable ; and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order even, to gain audience with the public.

Effus'd its fair creation to inchant
 The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
 To blind belief ; while on their prostrate necks
 The fable tyrant plants his heel secure.
 But now behold ! the radiant era dawns,
 When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
 For endless years on Albions happy shore
 In full proportion, once more shall extend
 To all the kindred powers of social bliss
 A common mansion, a parental roof.
 There shall the Virtues, there shall Wisdom's train,
 Their long lost friends rejoining, as of old,
 Embrace the smiling family of arts,
 The Muses and the Graces. Then no more
 Shall vice distracting their delicious gifts
 To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
 Turn from their cham the philosophic eye,
 The patriot bosom : then no more the paths
 Of public care or intellectual toil,
 Alone by footsteps haughty and severe,
 The gloomy state he trod ; the harmonious Muse
 And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
 Their sheltering laurels o'er the bleak ascent,
 And shed their flowers along the rugged way.
 Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
 To pierce divine philosophy's retreats
 And teach the Muse her lore ; already strove
 Their long divided honours to unite,
 While tempering this deep argument we sang
 Of truth and beauty. Now the same fair talk
 Impends ; now urging our ambitious toil,
 We hasten to recount the various springs
 Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin
 Their grateful influence to the prime effect
 Of objects grand or beautiful, and inlarge
 The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
 Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
 To raise harmonious fancy's native charm ?

So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
Glow not her blush the fairer ? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Gush thro' the trickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreshment ; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow ?

Nor this alone ; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye ; but how much more to his,
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom ! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigor he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain ?

Or shall I mention, where celestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to effulge
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame ?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound, his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watry cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient ; and that trickling show'r
Piercing through every crystalline convex
Of clust'ring dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,

Recoil at length where concave all behind
 The internal surface of each glassy orb
 Repells their forward passage into air ;
 That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
 From which their course began ; and, as they strike
 In diff'rent lines the gazer's obvious eye,
 Assume a diff'rent lustre, thro' the brede
 Of colours changing from the splendid rose
 To the pale violet's dejected hue.

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
 That springs to each fair object, while we trace,
 Thro' all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
 Disposing every part, and gaining still
 By means proportion'd her benignant end ?
 Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
 The lamp of science thro' the jealous maze
 Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
 Her secret honours ; whether in the sky,
 The beauteous laws of light, the central pow'rs
 That wheel the pensile planets round the year ;
 Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
 Or smiling fruits of pleasure-pregnant earth,
 Or fine adjusted springs of life and sense
 You scan the counsels of their author's hand.

What, when to rise the meditated scene,
 The flame of passion, thro' the struggling soul
 Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
 The object of its rapture vast of size,
 With fiercer colours and a night of shade ?
 What like a storm from their capacious bed
 The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
 Of these eruptions, working from the depth
 Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
 Ev'n to the base ; from every naked sense
 Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
 Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil

Spun from the cobweb-fashions of the times
 To hide the feeling heart ? Then nature speaks
 Her genuine language, and the words of men,
 Big with the very motion of their souls,
 Declare with what accumulated force,
 The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
 The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more ; her honours where nor beauty claims,
 Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,
 From passion's power alone our nature holds
 Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
 Rouzes the mind's whole fabric ; with supplies
 Of daily impulse keeps the elastic pow'rs
 Intensely poiz'd, and polishes anew
 By that collision all the fine machine ;

Else

From passion's power alone, &c.] This very mysterious kind of pleasure which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. Lucretius resolves it unto self-love.

Suava mari magno, &c. lib. II. 1.

As if a man was never pleas'd in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that tho' these fictitious personages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious and candid author of the *Reflexions critiques sur la poésie & sur la peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and unattentive state : and this joined with the moral applause of its own temper, which attends these emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
 Incumb'ring, choke at last what heaven design'd
 For ceaseless motion and a round of toil.
 But say, does every passion men endure
 Thus minister delight ? That name indeed
 Becomes the rosy breath of love ; becomes
 The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand
 Of admiration ; but the bitter show'r
 That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
 But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
 Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
 Of panting indignation, find we there
 To move delight ? Then listen, while my tongue
 The unalter'd will of heav'n with faithful awe
 Reveals ; what old Harmodious wont to teach
 My early age ; Harmodious who had weigh'd
 Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
 Of wisdom, or thy lonely-whisp'ring voice,
 O faithful nature ! dictate of the laws
 Which govern and support this mighty frame
 Of universal being. Oft the hours
 From morn to eve have stole unmark'd away,
 While mute attention hung upon his lips,
 As thus the sage his awful tale began.

'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
 When spotless youth with solitude resigns
 To sweet philosophy the studious day,
 What time pale autumn shades the silent eve,
 Musing I rovd. Of good and evil much,
 And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd,
 When starting full on fancy's gushing eye,
 The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
 That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd !
 When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
 Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
 Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
 Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave ;

Thy

Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell
 Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
 As with the hand of death. At once the shade
 More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
 With hoarser murm'ring shook the branches. Dark
 As midnight storms, the scene of human things,
 Appeared before me; desarts, burning sands
 Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen south,
 And desolation blasting all the west
 With rapine and with murder: tyrant pow'r
 Here sits inthron'd in blood; the baleful charms
 Of superstition there infect the skies,
 And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heaven!
 What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
 Nor these portents thy awful will suffice?
 That propagated thus beyond their scope;
 They rise to act their cruelties anew
 In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed.
 The universal sensitive of pain,
 The wretched heir of evils not its own!

Thus I, impatient; when at once effus'd,
 A flashing torrent of celestial day
 Burst thro' the shadowy void. With slow descent:
 A purple cloud came floating through the sky,
 And poiz'd at length within the circling trees,
 Hang obvious to my view; till opening wide
 Its lucid orb, a more than human form
 Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
 And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.
 Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
 And all the shining vision stood reveal'd
 A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
 And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
 Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
 Collected with a radiant zone of gold
 Etherial; there in mystic signs engrav'd
 I read his office high and sacred name,
 Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd

The godlike presence ; for athwart his brow
 Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
 Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
 Like distant thunders broke the murmur'ing air.

Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth,
 And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
 Capacious of this universal frame ?
 Thy wisdom all-sufficient ? Thou, alas !
 Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
 Of nature and his works ? to lift thy voice
 Against the sovereign order he decreed
 All good and lovely ? to blaspheme the bands
 Of tenderness innate and social love,
 Holiest of things ! by which the general orb
 Of being, as with adamantin links,
 Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd
 From everlasting ? Hast thou felt the pangs
 Of soft'ning sorrow, of indignant zeal
 So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
 The ties of nature broken from thy frame ;
 That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
 May cease to mourn its lot, no longer then
 The wretched heir of evils not its own ?
 O fair benevolence of gen'rous minds !
 O man by nature form'd for all mankind !

He spoke ; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
 As conscious of my lips' offence, and aw'd
 Before his presence, though my secret soul
 Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
 I fix'd my eyes ; till from his airy couch
 He sloop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
 My dazzling forehead, Raise thy sight, he cry'd,
 And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue.

I look'd, and lo ! the former scene was chang'd
 For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,

A solitary.

A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
 Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas a horrid pile
 Of hills with many a shaggy forest mix'd,
 With many a sable cliff and glitt'ring stream.
 Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
 The brown woods wav'd, while ever-trickling springs
 Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine,
 The crumbling soil ; and still at every fall
 Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
 Remurm'ring rush'd the congregated floods
 With hoarser inundation ; till at last
 They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
 Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,
 And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
 In one smooth current, o'er the lilied vale
 Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
 Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
 Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-incircling mound
 As in a sylvan theatre inclos'd
 That flow'ry level. On the river's brink
 I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
 Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
 Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd
 Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
 And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
 On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
 That cheer'd the solemn scene. My list'ning pow'rs
 Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,
 And wondering expectation. Then the voice
 Of that celestial pow'r, the mystic show
 Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant of earth, to whom is giv'n
 The gracious ways of providence to learn,

Receive-

Inhabitant of earth, &c.] The account of the econ-
 omy of providence here introduced, as the most pro-
 per

Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear———
 Know then, the sov'reign spirit of the world,
 Though self-collected from etherial time,
 Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The circling bounds of happiness unite ;
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd

To

per to calm and satisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the Pythagorean school ; but of all the ancient philosophers, Plato has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on the head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, tho' somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning divine providence, *The being who presides over the whole, says he, has dispos'd and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O unhappy man ! which tho' in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into existence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy ; existing, as it does, not for your sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the, whole of which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless : since according to the various energy of creation, and the common laws of nature, there is a constant provision of that which is best at the same time*

To spread around him that primeval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
 And founded thro' the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose
 These heav'nly orbs, the gladabodes of life

Effusive

tim for you and for the whole.-----For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things, and what situation of each individual in the general system, vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness with the greatest faculty and in the highest degree possible. In this manner be ordered, thro, the entire circle of being, the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and thro' what variety of circumstances it should proceed in the whole tenour of its existence. He goes on in his sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, as well for those who, by the exercise of good dispositions being harmonized and assimilated to the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemish'd sanctity and happiness : as those who by the most seditious arts have arisen from contemptible beginnings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom therefore you look upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the gods, because you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are subservient, and in what manner they contribute to that supreme intencion of good to the whole.*

Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, especially abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of human actions ; whereas Plato appears very careful to preserve it, and has been in that respect imitated by the best of his followers.

Effusive kindled by his breath divine
 Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
 From him its portion of the vital flame,
 In measure such, that from the wide complex
 Of coexistent orders, one might rise,
 One order, all-involving and intire.
 He too beholding in the sacred light
 Of his essential reason, all the shapes
 Of swift contingency, all successive ties
 Of action propagated through the sum
 Of possible existence, he at once,
 Down the long series of eventful time,
 So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd
 To every living soul of every kind,
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,
 That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
 To universal good ; with full accord,
 Answering the mighty model he had chose,
 The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds
 That lay from everlasting in the store
 Of his divine conceptions. Nor content

By

———*One might rise,*

One order, &c.] See the meditations of Antonius
 and the characteristics, passim.

The best and fairest, &c.] This opinion is so old,
 that Timæus Locrus calls the supreme being the arti-
 ficer of that which is best ; and represents him as re-
 solving in the beginning to produce the most excel-
 lent work, and as copying the world most exactly
 from his own intelligible and essential idea ; so that
 it yet remains, as it was at first perfect in beauty
 and will never stand in need of any correction or
 improvement. There is no room for a caution here,
 to understand these expressions, not of any particular
 circumstances of human life separately consider'd,
 but of the sum or universal system of life and being.

By one exertion of creating power,
 His goodness to reveal ; through every age,
 Thro' every moment up the tract of time,
 His parent hand with ever new increase
 Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
 The vast harmonious frame : his parent hand
 From the mute shell fish gasping on the shore,
 To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
 Forever leads the generations on
 To higher scenes of being ; while supplied
 From day to day by his enlivening breath,
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
 As bodies to their proper center move,
 As the poiz'd ocean to th' attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves its winding waters to the main ;
 So all things, which have life, aspire to God,
 The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
 Center of souls ! Nor does the faithful voice
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 Aright ; nor is the care of heaven withheld
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid ;
 That in their stations all may persevere
 To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
 Forever nearer to the life divine.

That rocky pile thou see'st, that verdant lawn
 Fresh water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
 Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat
 Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
 His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
 Along the shady brink, in this recess

To

As flame ascends, &c.] This opinion, tho' not held
 by *Plato* or any of the ancients, is yet a very natural
 consequence of his principles. But the disquisition
 is too complex and extensive to be enter'd upon here.

To wear the appointed season of his youth ;
 Till ripe hours should open to his toil
 The high communion of superior minds,
 Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
 Nor did the Sire omnipotent forget
 His tender bloom to cherish ; nor withheld
 Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
 Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
 He sent whom most he lov'd, the sov'reign fair.
 The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
 Before his eyes for ever to behold ;
 The goddess from whose inspiration flows
 The toil of patriots, the delight of friends ;
 Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,
 Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
 Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the fire
 Gave it in change to rear the blooming mind,
 The folded powers to open, to direct
 The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
 And from the laws of this majestic world
 To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
 Her daily care attended, by her side
 With constant steps her gay companion stay'd,
 The fair Euphrosyne, the gentle queen
 Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
 That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
 And powers immortal. See the shining pair !
 Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd,
 They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

I look'd, and on the flow'ry turf there stood,
 Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth
 Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
 Of beauty ; sweetest innocence illum'd
 His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
 Sate young Simplicity. With fond regard
 He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd ;
 The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,

With

With mild regret invoking her return.
 Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
 Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
 O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
 And finiles eternal, from her candid eyes,
 Flow'd like the dewy lustre of the morn
 Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
 The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils
 To bind her sable tresses; full diffus'd
 Her yellow mantle floated on the breeze;
 And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
 Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
 The wrathful heart, and from the bright'ning eyes
 To chase the cloud of sadness. . More sublime
 The heavenly part'ner mov'd. The prime of age
 Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
 High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,
 From each majestic motion darted awe,
 Devoted awe! still cherish'd by her looks
 Benevolent and meek, confiding love
 To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
 Free in her graceful hand she poiz'd the sword
 Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
 Display'd the old simplicity of pomp
 Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
 White as the sunshine streams through vernal clouds,
 Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
 The immortal pair forsook the enamell'd green,
 Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light
 Gleam'd round their path; celestial rounds were
 And thro' the fragrant air ethereal dews [hear'd
 Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds
 Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse
 Of empyrean flame where spent and drown'd,
 Attic ed vision plung'd in vain to scan
 What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
 Indur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood,

E

With

With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watry murmurs sweet, or warbling shades
With sacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals ! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear Behold well pleas'd
I seek to finish thy divine decree.

With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
Of man, thy offspring ; from tender seeds
Of justice and of wisdom, to involve
The latent honours of his generous frame ;
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
From earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice he oft requires,
Or hears delighted ; this enchanting maid,
The associate thou hast given me, her alone
He loves, O father ! absent, her he craves ;
And but for her glad-presence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine ; that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,
I deem uncertain ; and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceas'd ; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
O thou ! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Best image of thy author ! far from thee
Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame ;
Who soon or late shall every work fulfil,
And no resistance find. If man refuse
To hearken to thy dictates ; or allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone ;
That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold

Go then once more, and happy be thy toil ;
 Go then ! but let not this thy smiling friend
 Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold !
 With thee the sons of Nemesis I send ;
 The fiend abhorr'd ! whose vengeance takes account
 Of sacred order's violated laws.
 See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
 Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
 On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
 Controul his cruel frenzy, and protect
 Thy tender charge. That when despair shall grasp
 His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
 That he may learn to love the gracious hand
 Alone sufficient in that hour of ill,
 To save his feeble spirit ; then confess
 Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair !
 When all the plagues that wait the dearly will
 Of this avenging demon, all the storms
 Of night infernal, serve but to display
 The energy of thy superior charms
 With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
 And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
 The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
 Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
 Shelt'ring my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
 A vast gigantic spectre striding on
 Thro' murm'ring thunders and a waste of clouds,
 With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
 Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs
 With sharp impatience violent he with'd,
 As thro' convulsive anguish ; and his hand
 Arm'd with a scorpion lash, full oft he rais'd
 In madness to his bosom ; while his eyes
 Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook
 The void with horror. Silent by his side
 The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd

Her

Her features. From the glooms which hung around,
 No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
 Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop
 Upon the river bank ; and now to hail
 His wonted guests with eager steps advanc'd
 The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
 Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
 Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
 Of some lone village, a neglected kid
 That strays along the wild for herb or spring ;
 Down from the winding ridge he sweeps again,
 And thinks he tears him ; so with tenfold rage,
 The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.
 Amaz'd the stripling stood ; with panting breast
 Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
 Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
 And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
 His terror, and with looks of tend'rest care
 Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
 Her awful power. His keen tempestuous arm
 Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
 Had aim'd the deadly blow ; then dumb retir'd
 With sullen rancour. Lo ! the sov'reign maid
 Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
 Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek ;
 Then grasps his hand, and cheers him with her tongue.

O wake thee, rouse thy spirit ! Shall the spite
 Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
 While I, thy friend and guardian am at hand
 To rescue and to heal ? O let thy soul
 Remember, what the will of heav'n ordains
 Is ever good for all ; and if for all,
 Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
 And soothing sunshine of delightful things,
 Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft mist-d

By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
 Of reason wander through a fatal road,
 Far from their native aim ; as if to lye
 Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
 The soft access of ever circling joys,
 Were all the end of being. Ask thy self,
 This pleasing error did it never lull
 Thy wishes ? Has thy constant heart refus'd
 The silken fetters of delicious ease ?
 Or when divine Euphrosyne appear'd
 Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
 Hang far below that measure of thy fate,
 Which I reveal'd before thee ? and thy eyes,
 Impatient of my counsels, turn away
 To drink the soft effusion of her smiles ?
 Know then, for this the everlasting fire
 Deprives thee of her presence, and instead,
 O wise and still benevolent ! ordains
 This horrid visage hither to pursue
 My steps ; that to thy nature may discern
 Its real good, and what alone can save
 Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill
 From folly and despair. O yet belov'd !
 Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
 Thy scatter'd powers ; nor fatal deem the rage
 Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
 While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
 Above the generous question of thy arm.
 Brave be thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
 This hour he triumphs ; but confront his might,
 And dare him to the combat, then with ease
 Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns
 To bondage and to scorn ; while thus inur'd
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
 The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
 Amid the outrage of external things,
 Firm as the solid base of this great world,
 Rests on his own foundations. blow, ye winds !

Ye waves ! ye thunders ! roll your tempest on ;
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky !
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 Be loosen'd from their seats ; yet still serene,
 The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck,
 And ever stronger as the storms advance,
 Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
 Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

So spake the goddess ; while thro' all her frame
 Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,
 In every motion kindling warmth divine
 'To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift,
 As light'ning fires the aromatic shade
 In Æthiopian fields, the stripling felt
 Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
 And starting from his langour thus exclaim'd

Then let the trial come ! and witness thou,
 If terroure be upon me, if I shrink
 To meet the storm, or falter in my strength
 When hardest it besets me. Do not think
 That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
 As late thy eyes beheld ; for thou hast chang'd
 My nature ; thy commanding voice has wak'd
 My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
 Where'er the will divine my path ordains
 Through toil or peril ; only do not thou
 Forsake me ; O be thou for ever near,
 That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
 And guide by thy decrees my constant feet,
 But say, for ever are my eyes bereft ?
 Say shall the fair Euphrosyne not once
 Appear again to charm me ! Thou, in heaven !
 O thou eternal arbiter of things !
 Be thy great bidding done ; for who am I
 To question thy appointment ? Let the frowns
 Of this avenger every morn o'ercast

The chearful dawn, and every evening damp
 With double night my dwelling ; I will learn
 To hail them both, and unrepining bear
 His hateful presence ; but permit my tongue
 One glad request, and if my deeds may find
 Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
 The rosy featur'd maid ; again to chear
 This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles
 He spoke ; when instant, thro' the sable glooms
 With which that furious presence had involv'd
 The ambient air a flood of radiance came
 Swift as the light'ning flash ; the melting clouds
 Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene
 Euphrosyne appear'd. With sprightly step
 The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
 And to her wond'ring audience thus began.

Lo ! I am here to answer to your vows,
 And be the meeting fortunate ; I come
 With joyful tidings ; we shall part no more.
 Hark ! how the gentle Echo from her cell
 Talks thro' the cliffs, and murm'ring o'er the stream,
 Repeats the accent ; we shall part no more,
 O my delightful friends ; well pleas'd on high
 The father has beheld you, while the might
 Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
 Your equal doings ; then for ever spake
 The high decree ; that thou, celestial maid
 Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps
 May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
 Shalt thou descending to the abode of man,
 Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
 Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyne behind.
 She ended ; and the whole romantic scene
 Immediate vanish'd ; rocks, and woods, and rills
 The mantling tent and each mysterious form
 Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
 When sun shine fills the bed. A while I stood
 Perplex

Perplex'd and giddy till the radiant power
 Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
 As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
 Preventing my inquiry, thus began.

There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
 How blind, how impious ! There behold the ways
 Of heav'n's eternal destiny to man,
 For every just, benevolent and wise ;
 That virtue's awful steps, how'er pursued
 By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
 Should never be divided from her chaste,
 Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge
 Thy tardy thought thro' all the various round
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
 At length may learn what energy the hand
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
 Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial pleasure ? Ask the faithful youth,
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms ; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?
 O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour when stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture Ask the crowd
 Which flies impatient from the village walk
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some helpless bark ; while sacred pity melts
 The general eye, or terrour's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair ;
 While every mother closer to her breast

Catchet.

Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
 Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another dash'd against the rocks,
 Drops lifeless down ; O dearest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by nature given
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears ?
 No sweetly melting softness which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
 To this their proper action and their end ?
 Ask thy own heart. When at the midnight hour,
 Slow thro' that studious gloom thy pausing eye
 Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
 The sacred volumes or the dead ; the songs
 Of Grecian bards, and records wrote by fame
 For Grecian heroes, where the present power
 Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
 Ev'n as a father blessing, while he reads,
 The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame ;
 Say ; when the prospect blackens on thy view,
 When rooted from the base, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown
 Of curs'd ambition ; when the pious band
 Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
 Lie side by side in gore ; when ruffian pride
 Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
 Of public power, the majesty of rule,
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn

A

————when the pious hand, &c] The reader will
 here naturally recollect the fate of the sacred batal-
 ion of Thebes, which at the battle of Chæonary was
 utterly destroy'd every man being found lying dead
 by his friend.

A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee ; when honour'd urns
 Of patriots and of chiefs the awful bust
 And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
 Of regal envy, strew the public way
 With hallowed ruins ; when the muse's haunt,
 The marble porch where wisdom went to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 Or female superstition's midnight pray'r ;
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
 To sweep the works of glory from their base ;
 Till desolation o'er the grass grown street
 Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds
 That clasp the mould'ring column ; thus defac'd,
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car !
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress ? Or would'st thou then exchange
 Those heart ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold invested front,
 And says within himself, " I am king.
 " And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of woe,
 " Intrude upon mine ear (The baleful dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,

Bleat

Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its fire.

ARGUMENT.



ARGUMENT.

PLEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule, in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described. The secondary pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connection of these pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well formed imagination.

T H E
P L E A S U R E S
O F
I M A G I N A T I O N.

B O O K T H I R D.

WHAT wonder therefore, since th'endearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
'This common nature through the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms? The spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applause
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; so haply where the powers
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge

F

The

where the powers

Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life is one of the most important points in moral philosophy. It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any
man

The images of things, but paint in all
 Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
 In nature ; their opinion will be true,
 And action right. For action treads the path
 In which opinion says he follows good,
 Or flies from evil ; and opinion gives
 Report of good or evil, as the scene

Was

man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyse the idea of what he calls his interest ; he will find that it consists chiefly of certain images of decency, beauty and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self denial. It is on this account of the last consequence to regulate images by the standard of nature and the general good ; otherwise the imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the laws of the moral order.

If it be objected, that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune ; it may be answered, that though no man is born ambitious or a miser, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And

It

Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd.
Thus her report can never there be true,
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and distorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the sound of death,
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,

And

it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charmed rather with the delicacy and sweetness of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers, though we have several hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the Socratic school, yet the Stoics were the first who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things which the imagination offers to the mind. [Diog. Laert. l. vii.] The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the discourses of Epictetus, are full of the same sentiments; insomuch that this latter makes the *right management of the fancies*, the only thing for which we are accountable to providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. Arrian. l. i. c. 12. and l. ii. c. 22. See also the characteristics, vol. 1 from p. 313, to p. 321, where this Stoical doctrine is embellished with all the eloquence of the graces, as Plato.

And black before him ; nought but death bed groans,
 And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
 Of light and being, down the gloomy air,
 And unknown depth ? Alas ! in such a mind,
 If no bright forms of excellence attend
 The image of his country ; nor the pomp
 Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
 Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
 The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame ;
 Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
 Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
 Than to betray his country ? And in act
 Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live ?
 Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
 Which fancy holds to all, the unwa ry thirst
 Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
 That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
 Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
 And only guides to err. Then revel forth
 A furious band that spurn him from the throne ;
 And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
 The empire of the soul ; thus pale revenge
 Unsheath's her murd'rous dagger ; and the hands
 Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
 Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
 That keeps them from their prey ; thus all the plagues
 The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
 The tragic muse discloses, under shapes
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
 Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
 Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
 Engenders, are the kindling passions driven
 To guilty deeds ; nor reason bound in chains,
 That vice alone may lord it ; oft adorn'd
 With solemn pageants, folly mounts his throne,
 And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears ; a thousand ways
 She wheels her giddy empire. Lo, thus far

With

With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I sing of nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd
A stricter note ; now haply must my song
Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
In lighter strains, how folly's awkward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke ;
The sportive province of the comic muse.

See in what crouds the uncouth forms advance ;
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,
Unask'd, his motly features. Wait awhile,
My curious friends ! and let us first arrange
In proper orders your promiscuous throng.

Behold the foremost band ; of slender thought,
And easy faith ! whom flattering fancy sooths
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts

F 2

The

—————*how folly's awkward arts, &c.*] Notwithstanding the general influence of ridicule on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the sciences, it has been almost constantly neglected or misrepresented, by divines especially. The manner of treating these subjects in the science of human nature, should be precisely the same as in natural philosophy ; from particular facts to investigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus discovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of useful arts.

Behold the foremost band, &c.] The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity or self applause for some desirable quality or possession which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

They spread their spurious treasures to the sun ;
 And bid the world admire ! but chief the glance
 Of wishful envy draws their joy bright eyes,
 And lifts with self applause each lordly brow.
 In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
 Behold their glaring idols, empty shapes.
 By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
 For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
 With formal band and sable cinctur'd gown,
 And rags of mouldy volumes. Some clate
 With martial splendour, steely pikes, and swords.
 Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
 Inwrought with flow'ry gold, assume the port
 Of stately valour ; list'ning by his side
 There stands a female form ; to her, with looks
 Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
 He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
 And sulph'rous mines, and ambush ; then at once
 Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
 And asks some wond'ring question of her fears.
 Others of graver mien ; behold, adorn'd
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
 And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,
 Take homage of the simple minded throng ;
 Ambassadors of heaven ! Nor much unlike
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
 That mantle every feature, hides a brood
 Of politic conceits ; of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep omen'd with unwieldly schemes,
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
 Pour dauntless in and swell the boastful band.

Then comes the second order ; all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some rectir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause

That

That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train,
 Approaching ; one a female, old and grey,
 With eyes demure and wrinkle furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death ; yet still she stuns
 The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale
 How many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd !
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart ;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love,
 A man's seducing tongue ! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mein,
 And sordid all his habit ; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates ! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
 The praise of spotless honour ; let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams
 To clear the barren soil and spread the fruits
 Of joy, let him by juster measure fix
 The price of riches and the end of power.

Another tribe succeeds ; deluded long
 By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
 The images of some peculiar things
 With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd
 With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
 Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
 Pants

Another tribe succeeds, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects disproportioned to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of nature.

Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms ;
 Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
 Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays ;
 And serious manhood, from the tow'ring aim
 Of wisdom, sloops to emulate the boast
 Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
 Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells !
 Not with intenser brow the Samian sage
 Bent his fix'd eye, on heaven's eternal fires,
 When first the order of that radiant scene
 Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
 A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
 Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd
 Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
 With fondest gellure and a suppliant's tongue,
 To win her coy regard. Adieu, for him,
 The dull engagements of the bustling world !
 Adieu the sick impertinence of praise !
 And hope and action ! for with her alone,
 By streams and shades, to steal the sighing hours,
 Is all he asks, and all that fate can give !
 Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
 Thee dreaded censor ! oft have I beheld
 Bewilder'd unawares. Alas ! too long
 Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
 Of fly derision ! till on every side
 Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
 Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves
 Of folly. Thy once formidable name
 Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
 In scoffs and mock'ry banded from the lips
 Of vengeful brotherhood around,
 So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.
 But now, ye gay ! to whom indulgent fate,
 Of all the muse's empire hath assign'd

The

But now, ye gay, &c.] Ridicule from a notion
 of excellence, where the object is absolutely odious
 or

The fields of folly, hither each advance
 Your sickles ; here the teeming soil affords
 Its richest growth. A fav'rite brood appears ;
 In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
 Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
 At full repaid. Ye most illustrious band !
 Who scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
 And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
 For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
 Pay vice the rev'rence virtue long usurp'd,
 And yield deformity the fond applause
 Which beauty wont to claim ; forgive my song,
 That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
 It shuns the unequal province of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
 Of bland imagination, folly's train
 Have dar'd our search ; but now a dastard kind
 Advance reluctant, and with fault'ring feet
 Shrink from the gazer's eye ; enfeebled hearts,
 Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
 Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
 Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
 Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
 Who droops abash'd with sullen pomp surveys
 His humbler habit ; here the trembling wretch
 Unnerv'd and froze with terror's icy bolts
 Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
 At every dream of danger ; here subdued
 By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn
 Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul
 Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
 Of temperance and honour ; half disowns
 A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride ;
 And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth

With

or contemptible. This is the highest degree of the
 ridiculous ; as in the affectation of diseases or vices.

Thus far triumphant, &c.] Ridicule from false
 shame or groundless fear.

With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides.
Beneath her sordid banners, lo ! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confusion strait appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Thro' many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpose ; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
For scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind ; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train.
Thro' every scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenure of my devious lay ;
Through every swift occasion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her fallying nerves and choaks her tongue ;
What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distill ? Suffice it to have said,

Where'er

Last of the, &c.] Ridicule from the ignorance
of such things as our circumstances require us to
know.

——— *suffice it to have said, &c.]* By comparing
these general sources of ridicule with each other,
and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we
may obtain a general definition of it equally ap-
plicable to every species. The most important cir-
cumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines
referred to ; but others more minute we shall sub-
join here. Aristotle's account of the matter seems
both imperfect and false ; *the ridiculous is some cer-
tain fault or turpitude without pain, and not destruc-
tive to its subject.* Poetic. c. v. For allowing it to
be

Where'er the power of ridicule displays
Her quaint ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer ; whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty mix their partial claim

Where

be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not distinguish the thing defined. Nay further, even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent and the keener sensations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds. For the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas ; but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name ; because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling. And this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

That which makes objects ridiculous is some ground of admiration or esteem connected with other more general circumstances, comparatively worthless or deformed ; or it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent or beautiful ; the inconsistent properties existing either in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate

Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity were wont to dwell,
 Or whether these with violation loath'd,
 Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mein,
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask

late ; belonging always to the same order or class of being, implying sentiment or design ; and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of the heart.

To prove the several parts of this definition. The appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a general condition comparatively sordid or deformed, is ridiculous ; for instance, pompous pretensions to wisdom joined with ignorance and folly in the Socrates of Aristophanes ; and the applause of military glory with cowardice and stupidity in the Thrafo of Terence.

The appearance of deformity or turpitude in conjunction with what is in general excellent or venerable, is also ridiculous ; for instance, the personal weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station.

The incongruous properties may either exist in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate. In the last mentioned instances they both exist in the objects ; in the instance from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehension of the ridiculous character.

The inconsistent properties must belong to the same order or class of being. A coxcomb in fine cloaths bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object ; because his general apprehension of excellence and esteem is referred to the splendour and expence of his dress. A man of sense and merit in the same circumstances, is not counted ridiculous ; because the general ground of excellency

Ask we for what fair end, the almighty fire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
The grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid

G

The

lency and esteem in him, is, both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species.

Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design. A column placed by an architect without a capital or base is laughed at. The same column in a ruin causes a very different sensation.

And lastly, the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement emotion of the heart, such a terror, pity, or indignation; for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description; and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

Ask we for what fair end, &c.] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a natural sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the supreme Being for bestowing it; one cannot without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all these terms are relative, implying approbation or blame. To ask then whether ridicule be a test of truth, is in other words, to ask whether that which

The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 The giddy aims of folly ? Though the light
 Of truth flow dawning on the inquiring mind,

At

which is ridiculous can be morally true, can be just and becoming ; or whether that which is just and becoming, can be ridiculous. A question that does not deserve a serious answer. For it is most evident, that as in a metaphysical proposition offer'd to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea which was supposed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood ; so in objects offer'd to the mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule feeling an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject with laughter and contempt. When therefore we observe such a claim, obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances, carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and by setting them full in view, convince the world how ridiculous the claim is ; and thus a double advantage is gained ; for which we both detect the moral falsehood sooner than in the way of speculative inquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly managed can never be dangerous ; men may be dishonest in obtruding circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us ; but the
 sense

At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil ; yet benignant heav'n
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands ; conscious what a scanty pause
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of nature ; therefore stamp
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind——
Some heav'nly genius, whose unclouded thoughts,
Attain

sense of ridicule always judges right ; the Socrates of Aristophanes is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn. True, but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moralist and the father of ancient wisdom. What then ? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendering the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn ? No. But it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning of Spinoza made many atheists ; he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false, but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous, which are not so in themselves ; why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of reason, because by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine.

Attain that secret harmony which blends
 The ethereal spirit with its mould of clay ;
 O ! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
 That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
 Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
 The inexpressive semblance of himself,
 Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
 That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow ;
 With what religious awe the solemn scene
 Commands your steps ! as if the reverend form
 Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
 Th' Elysian seats, and down the imbow'ring glade
 Move to your pausing eye ! Behold th' expanse
 On you gay landscape, where the silver clouds
 Flit o'er the heav'ns before the sprightly breeze ;
 Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful sun ;
 Now streams of splendor, thro' their opening veil,
 Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
 The aerial shadows ; on the curling brook,
 And on the shady margin's quiv'ring leaves
 With quickest lustre glancing ; while you view
 The prospect, say, within your chearful breast
 Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
 With clouds and sunshine chequer'd, while the round
 Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue
 Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,
 Moves all obsequious ? Whence is this effect,
 This kindred power of such discordant things ?
 Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
 To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
 At first were strung ? Or rather from the links
 Which artful custom twines around her frame ?
 For when the different images of things
 By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
With

The inexpressive semblance, &c.] This similitude is
 the foundation of almost all the ornaments of poetic
 diction.

With deeper impulse, or connected long,
 Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er distinct
 The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
 From that conjunction an eternal tie,
 And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
 Recal one partner of the various league,
 Immediate, lo! the firm confed'rates rise,
 And each his former station strait resumes;
 One movement governs the consenting throng,
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
 Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
 'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
 Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
 Of the same parent stone, together drew
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
 With fatal impulse quiv'ring to the pole;
 Then tho' disjoin'd by kingdoms, tho' the main
 Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and diff'rent stars
 Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
 The former friendship, and remember'd still
 The alliance of their birth; whate'er the line
 Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew
 The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
 He found its path and fix'd unerring there.
 Such is the secret union, when we feel
 A song, a flower, a name at once restore
 Those long connected scenes where first they mov'd;
 The attention; backward thro' her mazy walks
 Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
 To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
 Of painted forms, of passions and designs
 Attendant; Whence, if pleasing in itself,
 The prospect from that sweet accession gains
 Redoubled influence o'er the list'ning mind.

G 2

By

Two faithful needles, &c.] See the elegant poem recited by cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Prolus. vi. Academ. 2. c. 5.

By these mysterious ties the busy power
 Of mem'ry her ideal train preserves
 Intire; or when they would elude her watch,
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
 Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
 The various forms of being to present,
 Before the curious aim of mimic art,
 Their largest choice; like spring's unfolded blooms
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
 May taste at will, from their selected spoils
 To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
 Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
 Reflects the bord'ring shade and sun bright heavens
 With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold
 More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
 Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
 Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind;
 Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
 The seal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
 Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
 There breathe perennial sweets; the trembling chord
 Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,
 Melodious; and the virgin's radiant eye,
 Superiour to disease, to grief, and time,
 Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
 Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
 The child of fancy oft in silence bends
 O'er these mix'd treasures of his pregnant breast,
 With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
 To frame he knows not what excelling things;
 And win he knows not what sublime reward
 Of praise and wonder. By degrees the mind
 Feels her young nerves dilate; the plastic powers
 Labour

By these mysterious ties, &c.] The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

Labour for action ; blind emotions heave
 His bosom ; and with loveliest frenzy caught,
 From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
 From heaven to earth. Aun ten thousand shapes,
 Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
 Fleet swift before him. From the womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed they come ; the eternal heavens
 Disclose their splendour, and the dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
 He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
 Their diff'rent forms ; now blends them, now di-
 Inlarges and extenuates by turns ; [vides ;
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
 And infinitely varies. Hither now,
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
 With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
 Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;
 And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
 Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
 Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
 Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees
 Thus disentangled, his entire design
 Emerges, Colours mingle, features join,
 And lines converge ; the fainter parts retire ;
 The fairer eminent in light advance ;
 And every image on its neighbour smiles.
 A while he stands, and with a father's joy
 Contemplates. Then with Promethean art
 Into its proper vehicle he breathes
 The fair conception ; which imbodyed thus,
 And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears

61

Into its proper vehicle, &c.] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artist are rendered palpable to the senses ; as by sounds, in music ; by lines and shadows in painting ; by diction, in poetry, &c.

An object ascertain'd ; while thus inform'd
 The various organs of his mimic skill,
 'The consonance of sounds the featur'd rock,
 The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
 Beyond their proper pow'rs attract the soul
 By that expressive semblance, while in sight
 Of nature's great original we scan
 The lively child of art ; while line by line,
 And feature after feature we refer
 To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
 Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
 Betwixt 'em wav'ring hangs ; applauding love
 Doubts where to chuse ; and mortal man aspires
 To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
 Of gath'ring hail with limpid crusts of ice
 Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
 Collects his large effulgence ; strait the heav'ns
 With equal flames presents on either hand
 The radiant visage : Persia stands at gaze,
 Appall'd ; and on the brink of Ganges waits
 The snowy vested seer, in Mithra's name,
 To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
 To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various bliss the well tun'd heart enjoys,
 Favour'd of heaven ! While plung'd in sordid cares
 The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine ;
 And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
 Young love and smiling wonder shrink away,
 Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
 Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
 Perhaps ev'n now some cold, fastidious judge
 Casts a disdainful eye ; and calls my toils,
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
 The dream of folly. Thou grave censor ! say,
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
 Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense
 To let her shine upon thee ? So the man

Whose

Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
 Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
 Of the gay, colour'd radiance flashing bright
 O'er all creation. Foul the wife be far
 Such gross unhallow'd pride ; nor needs my song
 Descend so low ; but rather now unfold,
 If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
 By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
 The deep felt joys and harmony of sound
 Result from airy motion ; and from shape
 The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
 By what fine ties hath God connected things
 When present in the mind ; which in themselves
 Have no connection ? Sure the rising sun,
 O'er the ætherial convex of the sea,
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth
 Might roll his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
 Exulting in the splendour she beholds ;
 Like a young conqueror moving thro' the pomp
 Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
 Soft murmur'ing streams and gales of gentlest breath
 Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
 Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
 Through all its tones the symphony pursue,
 Nor yet this breath divine of nature's joy
 Steal thro' his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
 Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the song ?

But were not nature still endow'd at large
 With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
 With such enchantment ? Wherefore then her form
 So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd
 With such æthereal sweetness ? Whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
 The impassion'd soul ? and whence the robes of light
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
 Than fancy can describe ? Whence but from thee
 O source

O source divine of ever flowing love,
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness ? Not content
 With every food of life to nourish man,
 By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense
 Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear ; well-pleas'd he scans
 The goodly prospect ; and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain ;
 Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendour ; bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth ;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
 Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time ;
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprize, by secret spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
 A visionary paradise disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild ; with streams, and shades,
 And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
 Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal pow'rs
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
 In species ? This, nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret byas of the soul.
 He, mighty Parent ! wise and just in all,

Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sunshine gleaming as thro' amber clouds,
 O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
 Beyond the pow'r of language will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely ! how commanding ! But tho' heav'n
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid
 Without enlivening suns, and genial show'rs,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
 Incline to different objects ; one pursues,
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from the lowest bed
 Heaves his tempestuous billows, to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakespear looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superiour, and enjoys

The

—————*One pursues*
The vast alone, &c.] See the note to ver. 18. of
 this book.

The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
 Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning deer,
 The tale of flighted vows and love's disdain
 Resound soft warbling all the live long day :
 Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ;
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Oh ! blest of heav'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Siren ! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life ; though only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the coloumn and the arch ;
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond

Waller longs, &c.]

*O ! how I long my careless limbs to lay
 Under the plantane shade ; and all the day
 With am'rous airs my fancy entertain, &c.*

WALLER, *Battle of the Summer-islands.* C I
 And again,

*While in the park I sing the list'ning deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear, &c.*

At Pens-hurst.

Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
 Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him, the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk ;
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only ; for the attentive mind,

H

By

——— *Not a breeze, &c.*] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this article ; one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry lest by that mean he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance to his high station. Speaking of the beauty of universal nature, he observes that there is a pleasure and graceful aspect in every object we perceive, when once we consider its connection with that general order. He instances in many things which at first sight would be thought rather deformities ; and then adds, that a man who enjoys a sensibility of temper with a just comprehension of the universal order will discern many amiable things, nor credible to every mind, but to those alone who have entered into an honourable familiarity with nature and her works. M. Antonin. iii. 2.

By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
 Becomes herself harmonious ; wont so long
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair inspir'd delight : her temper'd pow'rs
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attentive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form where negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal Majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalt her daring eye ; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her generous pow'rs ?
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear !
 Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons : all declare
 For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man ; we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine : he tells the heart,
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being ; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day
 With his conceptions ; act upon his plan ;
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.



THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH.

By Dr. ARMSTRONG.

THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK FIRST.

A I R.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
 HYGEIA;* whose indulgent smile sustains
 The various race luxuriant nature pours,
 And on the immortal essences bestows
 Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
 Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,
 Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
 Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
 Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracts
 Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.
 When thro' the blue serenity of heaven
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
 Of pain and sickness squalid and deform'd,
 Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
 Swarm thro' the shuddering air; whatever plagues
H 2
Or

* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to
 the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of
 Esculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished
 by the name of Pæon.

Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
 Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
 That smothers earth, and all the breathless winds,
 Or the vile carnage of the inhuman field ;
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south ;
 Whatever ills the extremes or sudden change
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce ;
 Then fly thy pure effulgence ; they, and all
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven,
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train
 Of vice and heedless pleasure : or if aught
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
 Portend disastrous to the vital world ;
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,
 Averts the general bane ; and but for thee
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy chearful, active energy,
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.
 Come then with me, O goddess heavenly gay !
 Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws :
 " How best the fickle fabric to support
 " Of mortal man ; in healthful body how
 " A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
 The best, and those of most extensive use ;
 Harder in clear and animated song,
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Thro' paths the muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind.

Which.

Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
 And quell the dreaded Python of the Nile.
 O Thou beloved by the grateful arts,
 Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
 Indulge, O Mead ! a well-design'd essay,
 Howe'er imperfect, and permit that I
 My little knowledge with my country share,
 'Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sick'ning and the living world
 Exhal'd to fully heaven's transparent dome
 With dim mortality. It is not air
 'That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
 Of nature ; when from shape and texture she
 Rclapses into sighing elements :
 It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts ; but here a sordid bath
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.
 Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
 This slumbering deep remains, and ranker grows
 With sickly rest ; and tho' the lungs abhor
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
 Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
 The putrid salts that overswam the sky ;
 This caustick venom would perhaps corrode
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,

In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;
 Or by the drunken, venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away ! the rural winds
 Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales,
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever undulating sky ;
 A kindly sky ! whose soft'ning power regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some woodland scene, where nature smiles,
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat ;
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where enthron'd in adamantinè state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove,
 Fast by the slowly winding Thames ; or where
 Broader sue laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
 Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise,
 Rural or gay, O ! from the summer's rage,
 O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous Ham ! But if the busy town
 Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind ;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ;
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich yet, by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kentish Hills in chearful air ;
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides ; a meagre fiend,
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force

Compress'd

Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens
 From such a mixture sprung this fitful pest.
 With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land ;
 Cold Tremors come, and mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains,
 That sling the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints, and every torpid limb ;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweat
 O'erflow ; a short relief from former ills,
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ;
 The chearful, pure, the animated bloom,
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the forcerefs, in her sated wrath,
 Relinquish them to the furies of her train ;
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Tint'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow ;
 Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign,
 Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air
 For ever weeps ; or, turgid with the weight
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let every mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh.
 Or any other injury that grows
 From raw-spun fibres, idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven

Tha.

That winnows into dust the blasted downs
 Bare, and extended wide, without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That slow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins,
 Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.
 The melancholic fiend, that worst despair
 Of physic hence, the rust complexion'd man
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

U Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
 Of air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
 But as the power of chusing is deny'd
 To half mankind, a further task ensue;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the withering element,
 Or hazy atmosphere; tho' custom moulds
 To every clime the soft Promethean clay
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
 So kind is native air may in the fens
 Of Essex from inveterate ills revive
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught;
 But if the raw and oozy heav'n offend,
 Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
 Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
 Conduct your Trenches thro' the spouting Bog;
 Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
 Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;

And

And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;
Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.
Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel
The humid air ; and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chace.
Gencrous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,
Vapid and funk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heavens.
But neither these, nor all Appollo's arts,
Disarm the dangers of the drooping sky,
'Unless with exercise and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood
The sat'ning clime let all the sons of ease
Avoid ; if indolence would wish to live.
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood ;
Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the running stream.
Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,
'The moist relaxing vegetable store
Prevail in each repast ; your food supplied
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction, and a mellowing heat,
'To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass
You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave ;
That thro' the thirsty chanel of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirst : or let the mantling bowl
Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.

For with the viscious blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou mayst indulge
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
 Bedew'd our seasons droop; incumbent still
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
 Till black with thunder all the south descends.
 Scarce in a showeriefs day the heavens indulge
 Our inclting clime, except the baleful east
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good heaven! for what unexpected crimes
 This dismal change! The brooding elements
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
 Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: give the genial west
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north;
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun
 Of burden'd skies; mark where the dry champain
 Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram
 And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And

And where the Cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking sleep
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
 And let them see the wintry morn arise,
 The summer evening blushing in the west ;
 While with unbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung defends you from the blust'ring north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
 O ! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied ; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
 The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill.
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected goods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th' etherial deep with endless billows laves.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy .

But may no fogs, from lake, or fenny plain,
 Involve my hill. And wheresoe'er you build ;
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
 Wash'd by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,
 Or high Blackheath with wint'ry winds assail'd ;

Dry be your house ; but airy more than warm.
 Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains ;
 Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind your voice,
 Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
 In cloister'd air, tainted with streaming life,
 Let lofty cielings grace your ample rooms ;
 And still at azure noontide may your dome
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
 And theatres open to the south, commend ?
 Here, when the morning's misty breath infects
 More than the torrid noon ? How sickly grow,
 How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
 That circled round with the gigantic heap
 Of mountains, never felt, nor never hope
 To feel the genial vigor of the sun !
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet ;
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
 The soft'ring sun ; whose energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose generous heat
 Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
 And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
 Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day !
 If not the soul, the regent of this world,
 First born of heaven, and only less than God !



T H E
A R T O F P R E S E R V I N G H E A L T H.
B O O K S E C O N D.
D I E T.

ENOUGH of air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the muse's brow : not even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a nobler horror in the soul ;
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, ethereal Fields ! the humbler arts
Of life ; the table and the homely Gods,
Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu !

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives ;
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded ; scourg'd for ever round and round,
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin
It grows ; and now, but that a thousands gates
Arc open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
Rebuild ; so mutable the state of man.

For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expence of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive powers with various art
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;
 The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide
 To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
 To different parts their winding course pursue ;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on,
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay
 Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day !
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
 The full repast ; and let sagacious age
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
 Readiest obeys the assimilating powers ;
 And soon the tender vegetable mass
 Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread
 The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyfs,
 Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall,
 In youth and vigour glorious let him die ;
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
 Absolve him ill requited from the yoke.
 Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,

Indulge

Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,
From the bleak mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd and scanty fare ; For, old or young,
'The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholesome food, the abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil ;
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph
Fond to incorporate with all it meets,
Coily they mix ; and shun with slippery wiles
'The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle, late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows ; what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Chuse leaner viands, ye of jovial make !
Chuse sober meals ; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on the enfeebling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,
With chearful ease, and succulent repast,
Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could relate what table this demands,
Or that complexion ; what the various powers
Of various foods ; but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temp'ature affects. There are, whose blood

Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs
 For cooler, kinder sustenance, implore.
 Some even the generous nutriment detest,
 Which in the shell, the sleeping Embryo rears.
 Some, more unhappy still, repeat the gifts
 Of Pales ; soft, delicious and benign :
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;
 The soft'ring dew of tender sprouting life ;
 The blest refection of declining age ;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food,
 As suits with every stomach. But except,
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boil'd and back'd, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all ;
 Taught by experience soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sickned appetite too long ;
 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue
 Or much diminish, or too much increase
 Th' expence which nature's wise economy,
 Without or waste or avarice maintains.
 Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loose
 And bid the curious palate roam at will ;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives ;

The

The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve : of milder seeds,
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish ; thro' fabling Greece resound
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment ;
But man the inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd ; voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled ;
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;
And know, that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride ? Pursue some noble aim.
Dismiss you parasites, who praise for hire ;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade ?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ?
There are while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without a fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills the ambiguous feast pursue,
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
 Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
 Each other violate ; and oft we see
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
 From combitations of innoxious things.
 The unbounded taste I mean not to confine
 To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
 And of each realm. • It matters not mean while
 How much to morrow differ from to day ;
 So far indulge ; 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste
 With caution fruits you never tried before ;
 For want of use the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to the mild amity with life.

So heaven has form'd us to the general taste
 Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd
 This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
 Of light refecton, at the genial board
 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast
 To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
 A drowzy death creeps on th' expansive soul
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
 The softest food : unfinish'd and deprav'd
 The chyle, in all its future wand'rings owns
 Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt

Th' unripen'd grape ? Or what machanic skill
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?
 Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
 Of plagues : but more immedicable ills
 Attend and lean extreme. For physic knows
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,
 Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
 And with balsamic nutriment repair
 The dried and worn out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
 Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
 When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond
 What nature well can bear ; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
 Too greedily the exhausted veins absorb
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
 Oft to the extinction of the vital flame.
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;
 And hear ye hardest sons that Albion breeds,
 Long toils'd and famish'd on the wint'ry main ;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day :
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
 Than war, or famine. While the vital fire
 Burns feebly heap not the green fuel on,
 But prudently foment the wandering spark
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch ;
 Be frugal even of that ; a little give
 At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
 Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
 Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two, the full and the jejune,
 Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
 From this to that : so nature learns to bear
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
 Collected ; and unloads the wheels of life.
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lowers ;
 Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
 Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
 Most in the tender vegetable breed :
 Then chiefly when the summer's beams inflame
 The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds
 A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round th' world
 The dreaded Causos roll his wasteful fires.
 Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;
 And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
 Th' empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd
 Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
 Descending, nature by degrees invites
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter, when the invigorated year
 Emerges ; when Favonius flush'd with love,
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks,
And

And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to the indulgent sky :
Now bountious nature seeds with lavish hand
The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young ;
E'er yet the barbarious thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast. Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most ; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
The establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untaim'd, untractable, no harvests wave ;
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain ; a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease ; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know ;
These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meager hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south
Her swarthy sons, in either Ind, maintains ;
Or thirsty Lybia ; from whose servid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
The affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Aust and dry, no sweet repast affords ;
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the stores
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
Brews feverish frays ; where scarce the tubes sustain
Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course ;
Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.

But here in livid ripeness melts the grape ;
 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
 Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows ;
 Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields
 A generous pulp ; the Coco swells on high
 With milky riches ; and in horrid mail
 The soft Ananas wraps its tender sweets.
 Earth's vaunted progeny ; in ruder air
 Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live ;
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
 To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
 Here buxom Ceres reigns ; the autumnal sea
 In boundless billows fluctates o'er their plains.
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste
 Demands. The Fountain, edg'd with racy wine
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
 Supports in else intolerable air ;
 While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
 Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
 I burn to view the enthrall'd wilds
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
 Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
 With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the East ;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The chearless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
 What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades,
Enwrap

Enwrap these infant floods ! Thro' every nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;
 And more gigantic still the impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world ?
 A land of Genii ? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations ? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whether leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterraneous way ? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts ; so Pæon, so the powers of health
 Command, to praise your chrystal element :
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works ;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;
 The vehicle, the source of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams ! With eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirstily quaff
 New life in you ; fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew ;
 None warmer sought the fires of human kind.
 Happy in temperate peace ! Their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they liv'd ; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh ! could those worthies from the world of gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain !

Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without dis-
The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage [dain
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best: the lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
Forever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer heat secure. The lucid stream,
O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile
Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholesome yields,
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;
With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters; till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow
But where the stomach, indolently given;
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught,
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The glaucy floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;

Retard

Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mals. You see what countless years
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unrav'lings of minute anatomy,
Maintain there texture, and unchang'd remain !

We curse not wine, the vile excess we blame ;
More fruitful than the accumulated board
Of pain and misery. For the subtil draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide ;
And with more active poison than the floods
Of grosser crudity, convey, pervades
The far-remote meanders of our frame.
Ah ! sly deceiver ! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd ! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober Vows ! But the Parnassian maids
Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine ;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loitering crudities that burden life ;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
The obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah ! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages ;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd ?
Then learn to revel : but by slow degrees :

By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ;
 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
 The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
 In cups by well-inform'd experience found
 The least your bane ; and only with your friends
 There are sweet follies, frailties to be seen
 By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh ! seldom may the fatal hours return
 Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taste
 Except when life declines, even sober cups
 Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
 With frugal nectar, smooth and flow with balm,
 The sapless habit daily to bedew,
 And give the hesitating wheels of life
 Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys ;
 And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
 To squander the reliefs of age and pain ?

What dext'rous thousands just within the goal
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
 No mourning admonitions shock the head.
 But ah ! what woes remain ! Life rolls apace,
 And that incurable disease, old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime :
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervor hurries on
 The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,
 The growth advances ; till the larger tubes,
Acquiring

Acquiring, from their * elemental veins,
 Condens'd to solid chords, a firmer tone,
 Sustain and just sustain, the impetuous blood.
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small ;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows mean time amid the grinding force
 Of viscious fluids and elastic tubes ;
 Its various function vigorously are plied
 By strong machinery ; and in solid health
 The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
 But the full ocean ebbs : there is a point,
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend ;
 For still the beating tide consolidates
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still,
 To the weak throbbings of the enfeebled heart.
 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
 To hard, unyielding, unelastic bone,
 Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;
 It loiters still : and now it stirs no more.
 This is the period few attain ; the death
 Of nature : thus, so heaven ordain'd it, life
 Destroys itself ; and could these laws have chang'd

K 2

Ncstor

* In the human body as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate :
And Homer live immortal as his song.

[stood

What does not fade ? The tower that long had
The crash of thunder, and the warring winds,
Shook by the flow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend ; the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself shall die ; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss :
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd omnipotence has room,
Being in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay ;
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.



ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

B O O K T H I R D.

EXERCISE.

[pass'de

THRO' various toils th' adven'trous muse has
 But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
 Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
 Plain and of little ornament; and I •
 But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
 Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
 If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
 To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
 I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules
 A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
 Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
 The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heaven.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies;
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
 When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon,
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Bobust with labour, and by custom steel'd
 To every casualty of varied life;

Serenq

Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;
Of labour such. By health the peasants toil
Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. But arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm and gain a more compacted tone ;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurys' blasts
This way and that convolve the labouring woods,
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no reason should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn
Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed,
Already, see, the deep mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport .
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful tract. Or, if a nobler prey
Delights you more, go chase the desperate deer ;
And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn,

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale,
 Exceed your strength ; a sport of less fatigue
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
 Of Pastoral Strafford, runs the brawling Trent ;
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ; such
 The Elk, o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
 Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her lovesick swains,
 Unknown in song : tho' not a purer stream,
 Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic groves,
 Rolls toward the western main. Hail sacred flood !
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest
 In rural innocence ; thy mountains still
 Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods
 Forever flourish ; and thy vales look gay
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain !
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd :
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
 With the well imitated fly to hook
 The eager trout, and with the slender line
 And yielding rod solicit to the shore
 The struggling panting prey ; while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
 Yet in my mind, and not relentless I,
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
 But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care

To haunt the peopled stream ; the garden yields
 A soft amusement, an humane delight.
 To raise the insipid nature of the ground ;
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is, to create ; and gives a godlike joy,
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
 O happy he ! whom, when his years decline,
 His fortune and his fame by worthy means
 Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind ;
 His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
 Even envy'd by the vain, the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world
 Receive to rest ; of all ungrateful cares
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
 Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,
 Once fellow rakes perhaps, now rural friends ;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame ;
 A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
 Who plans the enchanted garden, who directs
 The villo best, and best conducts the stream ;
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes ; who shows
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest charms,
 Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice
 To match the sprightly genius of Champain.
 Thrice happy days ! in rural business past.
 Blest winter nights ! when, as the genial fire
 Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
 With witless wantonness to hunt it down :

Or thro' the fairy land of tale or song
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
 Engag'd and all that strikes humanity ;
 Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
 Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
 His neighbours lift the latch, and blest unbid
 His festal roof ; while o'er the light repast
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;
 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
 Sometimes at eve, for I delight to taste
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
 Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure,
 The decent, honest, chearful husbandman,
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl ;
 And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils ;
 The tennis some, and some the graceful dance.
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
 Or naked stubble ; where from field to field
 The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight ;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
 The gun's unerring thunder and there are
 Whom still the meed of the green archer charms.
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most : the toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs,

As beauty still has blemish ; and the mind
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side ;
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould
 But some one part is weaker than the rest ;
 The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd
 Acquire a vigour and elastic spring,

To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils ; and as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter ; and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride ; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells ;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation : oft the source
Of fatal woes ; a cough that forms with blood.
Asthma, and feller Peripneumonic, *
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heaven denied
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity ;
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd proluxly, even the gentlest toil
Is waste of health : repose by small fatigue

13

* *The inflammation of the lungs.*

Is earn'd ; and, where your habit is not prone
 To thaw, by the first moisture of the brows.
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
 But when the hard varieties of life
 You toil to learn ; or try the dusty chace,
 Or the warm deeds of some important day ;
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
 In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale,
 Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
 Forbear ! No other pestilence has driven
 Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse
 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace ;
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
 Of science ; and devote seven years to toil.
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
 With what it little boots you to attain.
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows [boil,
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools
 What signs portend the storm ; to subtler minds
 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
 Charybdis rages in the Ionian wave ;
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why
 The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome 'with Athens vied
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts ;
 All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs.
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime

Not much invites us to such arts as these.
 'Tis not for these, whom gelid skies embrace,
 And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels
 Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;
 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
 Too soft ; or teach the recremental fume
 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways.
 For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,
 The baser fluids in a constant stream
 Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
 While this eternal, this most copious waste
 Of blood degenerate into vapid brine,
 Maintains its wonted measure ; all the powers
 Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
 With ease and pleasure move : but this restrain'd
 Or more or less, so more or less you feel
 The functions labour. From this fatal source
 What woes descend is never to be sung.
 To take their numbers, were to count the sands
 That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air ;
 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils
 The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
 Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
 This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
 To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart
 The genius of your clime ; for from the blood
 Least sickle rise the recremental streams,
 And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
 Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.
 The temper'd Scythian hence, half naked treads
 His boundless snows, nor rues the inclement heaven ;
 And hence our painted ancestors defied
 The East ; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures,
 The Equator heats, or Hyperborean frost :
 Except by habits foreign to its turn,

Unwise

Unwise, you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance : study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart. A frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism ;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds : and he who makes
By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
Since pain in spite of all our care will come,
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar : For by frequent use
The strongest medicines lose their healing power
And even the surest poisons their's to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,
Or the wide flood that waters Indostan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores, that full and free
The evaporation thro' the soft'ned skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
So shall they 'scape the fevers rapid flames ;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution, just enough to clear

The fluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, even did it not conduce
 As much it does, to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is poverty's worst woe :
 With this external virtue, age maintains
 A decent grave ; without it, youth and charms
 Are loathsome. This the skilful virgin knows :
 So doubtless do your wives. For married fires
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
 Nor is it less, all prudent wives can tell,
 To lose a husband's, than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
 From foreign themes recal my wandering song.
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage ;
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame,
 'Tis wisely done. For while the thirsty veins,
 Impatient of lean penury, devour
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
 Now while the stomach from the full repast
 Subsides ; but ere returning hunger gnaws,
 Ye leaner habits give an hour to toil ;
 And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
 But from the recent meal no labours please,
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event ;
 A work of time and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with ill-seasoned exercise,
 A half concocted chyle into the blood,
 The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
 Much toil demands : the lean elastic less.
 While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,

No,

No labours are too hard : by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year ;
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
'To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure : oh ! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel !
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood
'Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needless slight occasion should engage
'To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies ; though 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
While the soft evening saddens into night ;
Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude : he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose : on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion ; or on fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken chearful as the lively morn ;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest

With feasts too late, too solid, or too full.
 But be the first concoction half matur'd,
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy demons hurl, or in the main
 O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise, of that most wretched man,
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,
 Stung by the furies, works with poisoned thought :
 With pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul ;
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
 For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.
 What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame ;
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens, and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night,
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
 Of the ever varying circle of the day ;
 Or whether thro' the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body fresh and vigorous from repose,
 Defies the early fogs ; but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.

The

The grand Discharge, the effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic langour; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
 To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
 O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdued, the Warrior and the Hind
 Sleep fast and deep; their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply,
 And soon the tonick irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
 The sons of Indolence, with long repose,
 Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and lingeringly return to life,
 Blunt every sense, and powerless every limb.
 Ye, prone to sleep, whom sleeping most annoys,
 On the hard mattress or elastic couch
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down.
 Nor envy while the buried bacchanal
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supplied
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
 But pliant nature more or less demands,
 As custom forms her; and all sudden change
 She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
 Slow.

Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
 Her seasons change ! Behold ! by slow degrees,
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder spring !
 The ripen'd Spring a milder summer glows ;
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store ;
 And aged Autumn brews the Winter storm.
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void
 Of mortal shocks ; the cold and torrid reigns,
 The two great periods of the important year,
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe ;
 Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,
 And the black fates deform the lovely spring.
 He well advis'd, who taught our wiser fires
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade ;
 And late resign them, tho' the wanton spring
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
 Glides harmless by ; and Autumn, sick to death
 With swallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
 The omens of the year ; what seasons teem
 With what diseases ; what the humid South
 Prepares, and what the Demon of the East ;
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
 Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
 Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
 And taught already how to each extreme
 To bend your life. But should the public bane
 Infect you, or some trespass of your own,
 Or flaw of nature hint mortality :
 Soon as a not displeasing horror glides

Along

Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs ;
When first the head throbs or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;
Be Celsus call'd ; the fates come rushing on ;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah ! in what perils is vain life engag'd !
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardest frame ! Of indolence, of toil,
We die : of want, of superfluity.
The all surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut ; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
The imprisoned plagues ; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen !
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons, and lonely streets !
Even Albion, pirt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the Gods has drunk,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field ;
While for which tyrant England should receive
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors ; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd ;
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.

This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First thro the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within ;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoaky sweats ; but nought alluag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the streams
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge labrings heav'd.
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sickning powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a pondrous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up ; they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs ; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd ; but in a clammy tide :
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow ;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid streams ;
As if the pent-up humors by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes, tho' little hope remain'd,
With full effusion of perpetual sweats

To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd
Of those infected fewer 'lcap'd alive ;
Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow ;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms ;
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around ;
The infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind ;
In vain ; where'er they fled the Fates pursu'd.
Others with hopes more specious, cross'd the main
To seek protection in far-distant skies ;
But none they found. It seem'd the general air
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which Albion then contain'd.
Where should they fly ? The circumambient heav'n
Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief ? The salutary art
Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs ;
Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd ;
Fatigu'd with vain resources ; and subdu'd
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear ;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor ought was seen but ghastly views of death ;
Infectious horror ran from face to face,

And

And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell : and oft one bed, they say,
 The sickning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend
 Of tottering Albion ! Ye eternal fires,
 That lead thro' heav'n th' wandering year ! Ye pow'rs
 That o'er the circling elements preside !
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen
 Arrive ! Enough abroad, enough at home
 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
 Has thin'd his cities ; from those lofty cliffs
 That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign ;
 While in the West, beyond the Atlantic foam,
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
 The death of cowards, and of common men ;
 Sunk void of wounds, and fallen without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
 And other themes invite my wandering song.



THE
ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.
BOOK FOURTH.
THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things
Already sung ; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds ;
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic Shades,
That know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song ! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

There is, they say, and I believe there is,
A spark within us of the immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame ;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat ; and mixes with the gods.
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements, in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Weilds at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself ;
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric. For by subtle parts
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.

M

By

By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes
 The natural, vital functions, are preform'd.
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought, for still the soul's employ'd,
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth ; but long intent
 On microscopic art its vigour fails.
 Just so the mind, with various thoughts amus'd,
 Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
 But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
 Love without Hope, and Hate without revenge,
 And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
 Engross the subtle ministers of life,
 And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
 Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears ;
 The lover's paleness : and the fallow hue
 Of envy, Jealousy ; the meagre flare-
 Of sore revenge ; the canker'd body hence
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant ; who both night and day
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bellow,
 And crudely fattens a gross Burman's stall,
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
 With useful studies you, and arts that please,
 Employ your mind, amuse, but not fatigue.
 Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage !
 And ever may the German folio's rest !
 And some there are, even the elastic parts,
 Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
 Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
 And gives to relish what their generous taste

Would

Would else refuse. But may not thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
Toy with your books ; and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy
To Fable shift : from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read ;
And read aloud, resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits ; to stand and sits by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To learn for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent it starves the grosser powers.
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows imbitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.
There madness enters ; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale ;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The chearful face of nature ; earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise ;
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems
Unknown

Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
 A load of huge imagination heaves.
 And all the horrors that the guilty feel,
 With anxious fluttering wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;
 It finds you miserable or makes you so.
 For while yourself you anxiously explore,
 Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,
 And ever galls you in your tender part.
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
 For grim religion some, and some for pride,
 Have lost their reason ; some for fear of want
 Want all their lives ! and others every day
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
 Ah ! from your bosoms banish if you can,
 Those fatal guests ; and first the Demon Fear ;
 That trembles at impossible events,
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
 And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
 Is there an evil worse than fear itself ?
 And what avails it that indulgent heaven
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?
 Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,
 Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
 For what may come ; and leave the rest to heaven.

Of from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
 These evils sprung, the most important health,
 That of the mind, destroy ; and when the mind
They

They first invade, the conscious body soon
 In sympathetic languishment declines.
 These chronic passions, while from real woe
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;
 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
 Vain are the consolations of the wise,
 In vain your friends would reason down your pain,
 Oh ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd
 To soft distress, or friends untimely slain !
 Court not the luxury of tender thought ;
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
 Go, soft enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves,
 Not to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
 Of men and mingle with the bustling croud ;
 Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day,
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour ;
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines.
 Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
 Where war grows hot ; and, raging thro' the sky,
 The lofty trumpet swells the madding soul ;
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
 And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
 Try Cerce's arts : and in the tempting bowl
 Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.
 Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
 In empty air ; Elysium opens round.
 A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;
 And what was difficult, and what was dire,

Yields, to your prowess and superiour stars :
 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
 But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom
 Shuts o'eryour head ; and, as the thundering stream,
 Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
 Subside, you languish into mortal man ;
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
 For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.
 A heavy morning comes ; your cares return
 With ten-fold rage. An anxious stomach well
 May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing head ;
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
 Involves you ; such a dastardly despair
 Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
 When bated round Citheron's cruel sides,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
 You curse the sluggish Port ; you curse the wretch,
 The felon, with unnatural mixture first
 Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.
 Or on the fugitive Champion you pour
 A thousand curses ; for to heaven your soul
 It rapt, to plunge you deeper in despair.
 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
 The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgandy,
 Or the fresh fragrant vintary of the Rhine ;
 And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour
 Escap'd. By one irrevocable word,
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
 Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.

Add.

Add that your means, your health, your parts decay ;
 Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd
 They hardly know you ; or if one remains
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
 Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left
 A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name ;
 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
 Your last ungrateful scene has quite effac'd
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
 The Disappointments, and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I shall recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
 His manly sense, and energy of mind,
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
 Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,
 And in the original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied man ; and much he pitied those
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
 Our aim is Happiness ; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
 Seek this coy goddess ; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
 For not to name the pains that pleasure brings
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate

Forbids .

Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
 Should ever roam ; and were the Fates more kind,
 Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
 That all was vanity, and life a dream.
 Let nature rest ; be busy for yourself,
 And for your friend ; be busy even in vain
 Rather than teize her sated appetites.
 Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys ;
 Who never toils or watches never sleeps.
 Let nature rest : and when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
 But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts.
 And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;
 Virtue and Sense are one ; and, trust me, he
 Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
 Virtue, for mere good nature is a fool,
 Is sense and spirit, with humanity :
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
 Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare
 But at his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
 To noblest uses this determines wealth ;
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;
 The peace and shelter of adversity.
 And if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation, which the secret shock
 Defies of Envy and all sapping Time.
 The gawdy gloss of Fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye ; the suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, .

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven : a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth
That ne'er incumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd : it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth your care ; for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied.
This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;
To show the virtues in their fairest light ;
To make Humanity the Minister
Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the Breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;
And strange to tell ! he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can controul
The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine ;
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve :
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope ; the balm and life blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life ; to lead us patient on ;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.

Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope ; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to Life ; perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,
The ill tam'd Russian, and pale Usurer,
If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould,
May safely mellow into love ; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault.
Or pains or pleasures. But ye finer Souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares.
For while the cherish'd poison in the breast
Ferments and maddens, sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in langour. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board : your chearful days are gone :
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
To sighs devoted, and to tender pains,
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And wake your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart ;
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that somented into serious love ;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.

Sweet

Sweet heaven, from such intoxicating charms,
Defend all worthy breasis ! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health ; o'er every virtue sheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body, and unmans the soul.
And some have died for Love ; and some run mad,
And some with desperate hand themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,
Court all they meet ; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of Love amongst a hundred Brides.
The event is doubtful ; for there are who find
A cure in this ; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas ! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys,
The nerves grow languid, and the soul subsides ;
The tender Fancy smarts with every sting ;
And what was Love before is Madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate still ; when Nature bids, obey ;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb.
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature ; Nature all compulsion hates.
Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms

Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.
 For from the colliquation of soft joys
 How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!
 Languid, and melancholy, and gannt, and wan;
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
 Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
 Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
 To each slight impulse tremblingly awake,
 A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues,
 Rapid and restless, springs from part to part.
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
 Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
 Diseases haunt you; and untimely Age
 Creeps on: unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
 Infatuate, impious epicure! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with Love, or in lascivious flames
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone;
 He chuses to be wretched, to be mad;
 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
 But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
 And, shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
 For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
 With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare;
 Fierce as the Tyger, madder than the seas,
 Desperate, and aim'd with more than human strength.
 How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man,
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
 Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,
 Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief,
 Slowly descends, and ling'ning to the shades.
 But he whom Anger flings, drops, if he dies,
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.

For,

For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd strings
Reverbrates each vibration of the Soul ;
As is the Passion, such is still the Pain
The Body feels ; or chronic, or acute.
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,
And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous f-
Is health, and only fills the sails of life.
For where the Mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;
A generous folly spurs the incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung ;
Wave all Dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;
Keep Lent for ever ; and forswear the bowl.
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague
'That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
Q'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows
[wrong,

While choier works, good friend, you may be
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave ;
If Honour bids, to morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little ; and it tries the power
Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,
'To tame the Friend that sleeps a gentle Lamb,
And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,

You reason well, see as you ought to see,
 And wonder at the madness of mankind ;
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
 The speculations of your wiser hours.
 Beset the Furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow ;
 With all that urge or lure us on the Fate ;
 What refuge shall we seek ? what arms prepare ?
 Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
 To cope with subtle or impetuous Powers,
 I would invoke new Passions to your aid ;
 With indignation would extinguish Fear,
 With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,
 And Love with Pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a Charm ; a Power that sways the breast
 Bids every Passion revel or be still ;
 Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves ;
 Can sooth Distraction, and almost Despair.
 That Power is Music ; far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;
 Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed gods,
 Who move no Passion justly but Contempt ;
 Who, like our Dancers, light indeed and strong !
 Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
 The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts,
 Good heaven ! we praise them ; we with loudest peals
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;
 And with insipid show of rapture, die
 Of idect notes, impertinently long.
 But he the muse's laurel justly shares,
 A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire ;
 Who with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In Love dissolves you ! now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;

Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the Fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame lay true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
Sooth'd even the inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalt each Joy, allays each Grief,
Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,
Subdues the rage of Poison and the Plague ;
And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd
One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

F I N I S.





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